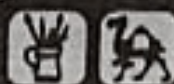


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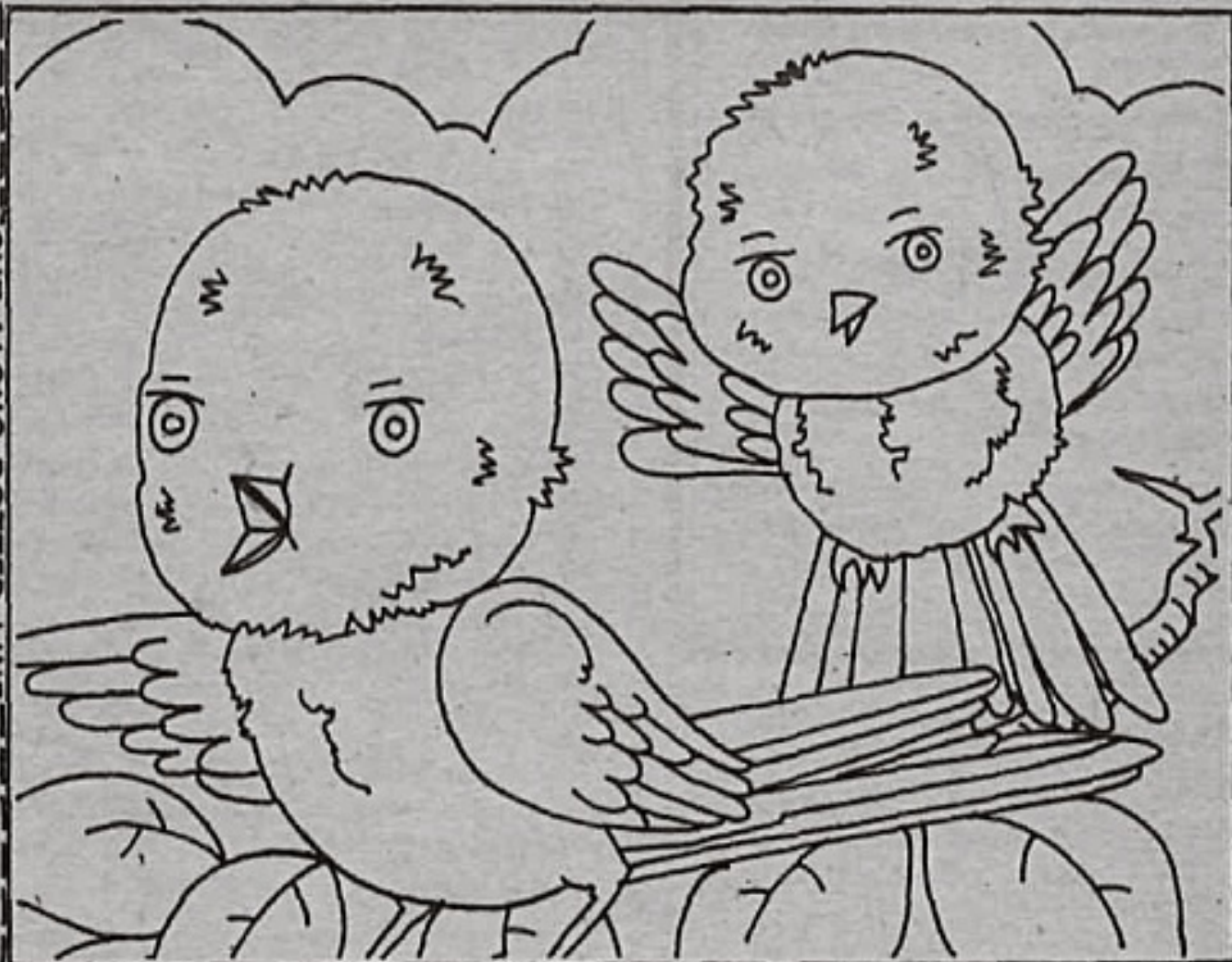
CHANDAMAMA camel COLOUR CONTEST

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Camel

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This contest is open to children up to 12 years of age. Colour the picture shown above completely with Camel colours and send it to the following address:

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The judges' decision will be final and binding. No correspondence will be entertained.

Name: _____ Age: _____

Address: _____

Send entries before: 30.9.1984

CONTEST NO.38

NEXT ISSUE

- *The Miracle of Grace—in the Story of Krishna*
- *India wins Freedom—in Story of India*
- *The Greatest Companion—An Arabian Night Story*
- *Treasure Island—A Pictorial Story*
- *Hanged thrice and yet alive—A mystery unsolved*
- *A Line of Prehistoric Reptiles—in Nature's Kingdom*
- *And all the features like Newsflash, Let Us Know, Laugh with Nasruddin and a bunch of delightful stories!*

Thoughts to be Treasured

"There we may see, if we have eyes to see, that all India is one in spirit, however diverse in race and creed."

—E.B. Havell

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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

CONGRATULATIONS

We are happy to publish the result of the Story Contest announced in February. Although all the participants in contest did not remember the condition—that they should submit only *original* fantasy or fairytale and not stories retold the, response was quite satisfactory.

The First Prize goes to V.R. Shankar (Vizag) and his contribution appears in this issue. The other entries selected for publication are from E. Renu (Trivellore), Siddhartha Das (Baroda), Bhanumathi Shastry (Calcutta), M.V. Apparao (Berhampur), Paresh Chandra Pattanaik (Talcher), Shivaji Maitra (Kharagpur), V. Anand (Pune) and M. Burrows (Bangalore).

Congratulations to all the winners and thanks to all the participants.



मनः प्रसादः सौम्यत्वं मौनमात्मविनिग्रहः ।
भावसंशुद्धिरित्येतत्तपो मानसमुच्यते ॥

*Manah prasādah saumyatvaṁ maunamātmavinigrahaḥ
Bhāvasaṁśuddhirityetattapo mānasamucyate*

Calmness and serenity, silence, self-control and purity of thought — these are the outcome of the *tapah* (penance or spiritual discipline) of the mind.

— *The Bhagavad Gita*



LET US KNOW

What is a mirage?

—*Pallab Kumar Basu,
Bhubaneswar.*

Mirage is an optical illusion. We see things sometimes straight sometimes inverted, where they do not exist.

This illusion is created by the law of refraction, when light on its passage through an atmosphere which has an unusual density of air, has a change in the direction of its travel.

A mirage can be seen at a height or horizontally. It is a common phenomenon in the desert. A distant object is mirrored, creating the illusion of the surface of a lake close by. As one proceeds to reach it, it keeps receding!

Sometimes hills and hamlets can be "seen" according to this law. There are instances of a whole town or locality being seen as mirages in the sky.

What are the names of the Sapta Rishis?

*Shekhar Venkitesh,
Bombay*

Mareechi, Atri, Pulaha, Pulastya, Kratu, Angira and Vashistha.

What is the difference between the astronaut and the cosmonaut?

—*Vijay Kumar, Meerut.*

One engaged in space travel can be called either an astronaut or a cosmonaut.

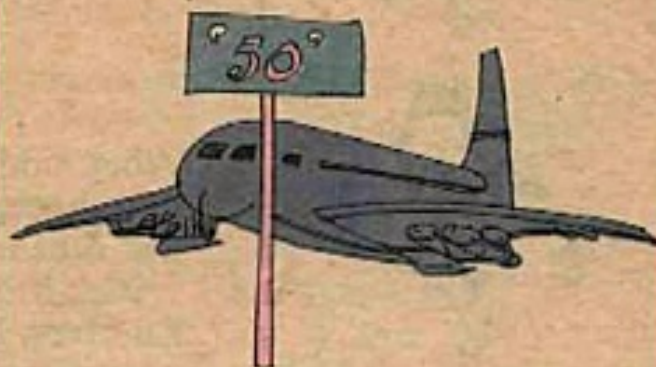
**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA
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Do You Know?



A king of England could not speak a word of English. He was George I who came from Germany.

At the outbreak of the World War I (1914) the American Air Force consisted of 50 men!



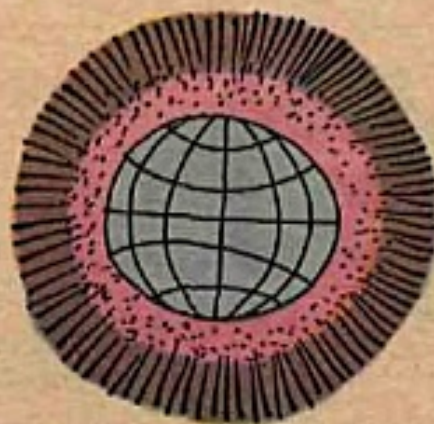
Four million tons of hydrogen dust are destroyed on the sun every second.

Is Karate a Japanese martial art? No. In fact it was developed by a people over centuries in order to defend themselves against the Japanese. They were the inhabitants of Okinawa island. The Japanese took up the art only in 1916.



Alexander the Great ordered his entire army to shave their faces and heads so that the enemy could not catch them by the hair and finish off.

Our earth is showered over by a thousand tons of meteor dust everyday!



NEWS-FLASH



A Rare Sight

What kind of sight did the medieval knights in their heavy armour make? How did they feel in the dress?

Bick Brown of Britain rode from Edinburgh to Dumfries (both places in Scotland) clad in 112-pound-knightly armour in three days.

A Poet's Grave

Who does not know the heroic and chivalrous episode of Prithviraj and Samyukta? Prithviraj had a dear friend in Chand Bardai, his court poet. A team of research scholars have discovered the grave of the noted poet in Fatehpur Haswa, U.P.



Meet Mr. Interpretor!

The latest Japanese robot is an expert in translating Japanese into English. It is able to translate three thousand words an hour!

(Story so far: Krishna after his childhood adventures and studies at Sage Sandipani's Ashram, founds the City of Dwaraka and rules a happy kingdom on sea.)

TWO FRIENDS

"Far is the city of Dwaraka where lives my dear friend, Krishna, now a king reigning gloriously. To a far corner of his memory I too must have receded. Will my name—Sudama or Kuchela as I was called—mean anything to him now?" wondered a poor Brahmin in a small village.

But the two had been the best

of friends as students at the Ashram of Sage Sandipani. How can Sudama ever forget the evening he and Krishna went out to fetch wood, but lost their way in the forest? Soon a small cloud that approached from a corner of the sky like a crawling crocodile grew as fearful as a thousand tigers and gave out deafening roars. The two





friends climbed a tree to locate the way out, but were afraid of getting down as darkness engulfed the forest.

Heavy rain lashed the forest and fierce wind swayed the tree on which they had perched. Frequent crack of thunder and noisy clash of trees subdued even their voices. They were able to see each other only through flashes of lightning and that alone consoled them. Hours passed until at dawn, at the termination of the cyclone, their guru and friends found them out and led them to the hermitage.

"Were you not afraid?" a fellow-student asked Sudama.

"How can one be afraid of any danger with Krishna by one's side?" had been Sudama's spontaneous answer. Krishna overheard it and smiled. What a telling and delightful smile that was! How it strengthened Sudama's faith in him!

Sudama always knew, through a strong feeling, that his friend was extraordinary. Years have rolled by. They have lived apart, Sudama a poor priest and Krishna a king. But, if anything, Sudama's feeling that Krishna was extraordinary had grown into an unshakable faith.

And he had kept secret something much more that had been added to his experience. He was a devotee of Vishnu. Whenever he meditated on the Lord, it was the face of Krishna that flashed in his vision. He had come to realise that Krishna was the incarnation of Vishnu.

"Krishna, my friend, my lord!" he muttered while he sat in ecstasy, tears rolling down his cheeks.

But one day he received a jolt.

"I'm tired of hearing that Krishna is your friend. If it is so,

why don't you proceed to meet him? A king ought to help his poor friend! A donation from him might go a long way in eradicating our misery!" said his wife.

A thrill ran through Sudama's veins. A meeting with Krishna! What greater joy could he dream of? Why had the possibility not occurred to him over the years?

"My wife! It is as though the goddess of good luck has spoken through you! Will you bear with my absence? Dwaraka is not close by, you know!" he said in a tremulous tone, hardly able to hide his elation.

His wife, hopeful of a handsome reward from her husband's royal friend, consented to manage the house alone for *the few weeks that* Sudama needed for his journey to and fro Dwaraka and his brief sojourn there.

"How can I go to meet my friend empty-handed?" mused Sudama.

A sad smile escaped his wife's grim face. "How childish are your thoughts, O Brahmin! Whoever has heard of a pauper aspiring to carry a gift for a king!"

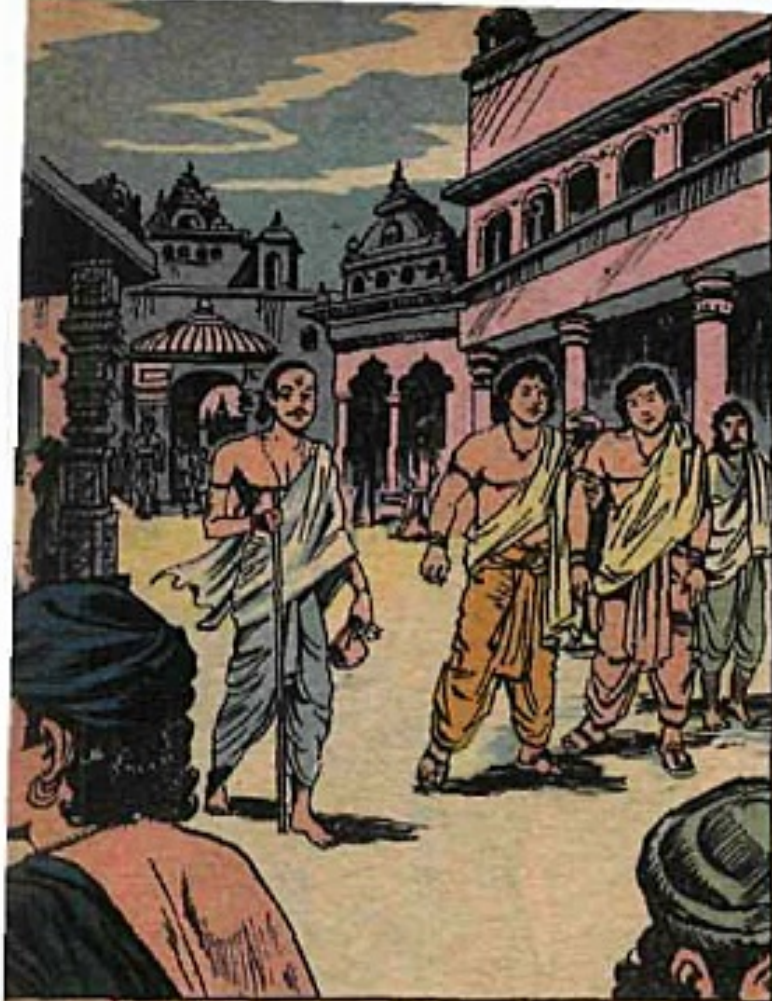


"My wife!" said Sudama, "Must I look upon Krishna only as a king? Had we not been pals? Besides..."

Sudama checked himself from saying that for him Krishna was also the lord and in making an offering to the lord what mattered was the love and adoration behind the gesture and not the value of what one offered.

"But what on earth can you think of that he would care to accept?" asked the wife, herself troubled by the question.

Suddenly Sudama's face brightened up. "I remember how fondly he used to share the rice-flakes my mother used to



send for me. Listen to me, my wife, prepare a handful of rice-flakes for my friend. He would love it, I'm sure!"

"Rice-flakes for His Majesty!"

"Right. That would make him forget his majestic responsibilities for a while and take him back to those enchanting days in the Ashram on the brink of the forest."

Sudama's wife heaved a sigh. Nevertheless, she got busy to prepare the stuff her husband would like to carry

Sudama set out for Dwaraka the very next day. He hardly remembered how he crossed a

river in spate, a long desolate meadow that was no different from a desert, and a range of hills. Except for occasionally asking the way to his destination, he never spoke to anyone. He was absorbed in his thoughts of Krishna. His heart beat faster as Dwaraka became nearer.

But once in a while he slumped almost lifeless at certain fears.

"What if Krishna does not recognise me?" he asked himself.

"Does not matter," he would then assure himself. "It is enough if I can steal a few glimpses of him!"

"What if he is not at Dwaraka?" he would ask himself again.

An answer to this was not forthcoming easily. However, he told himself, "At least I shall have the opportunity to see his dwelling! I can press my head on the outer wall of his citadel!"

At last, one evening, he was in the charming city of Dwaraka, its walls lapped by surging waves of the sea. He passed the night in a rest-house for travellers, but hardly closing his eyes.

By sunrise he was pacing in front of Krishna's magnificent

castle. Krishna's eyes fell on him before long. He came running to receive him. Rukmini, Krishna's consort, her maids and all the others who saw Krishna clasping a stranger no better than a beggar were surprised.

"You remembered me, my dear friend!" exclaimed Krishna.

"You recognised me, my dear friend!" exclaimed Sudama, unable to check his tears.

Krishna guided his friend to his throne and made him sit on it. He sat beside him, fanning him. With great relish he ate the rice-flakes Sudama had brought. The surprise of those who looked on changed into a serene sense of respect for both. Krishna had set an example in humility.

A few days passed with the two friends reminiscing over their days with their guru. But Sudama must leave for his village, for he did not know how his wife and children were passing their days.

Krishna bade his friend a tearful farewell. Sudama struggled with his surging sobs as he left his friend's abode behind.

His journey home was no



different from his travel to Dwaraka, for he walked under a kind of spell, brooding over the great time he passed in Krishna's company. He woke up from his dream-like state only when the spire of his village temple emerged on the horizon.

He was close to his home. His wife and children must be waiting most eagerly for his return. But what had he brought for them?

A chill ran through his spine. How was he going to face his wife? How could he forget to ask Krishna for some help? His friend would have been only too happy to part with a jewel or

two! That would have meant so much for his family. It is true that the bliss he had known in Krishna's company was far more valuable than a kingdom. But would his wife appreciate that?

Taking himself to task for his forgetfulness, he slowly approached his house, his head hung. Evening had just set in.

"Father is back! Father is back!" cried out two familiar voices. He looked up only to be bewildered. He stood in front of a magnificent building.

He must have mistaken some other village for his own. There was no such building in his village.

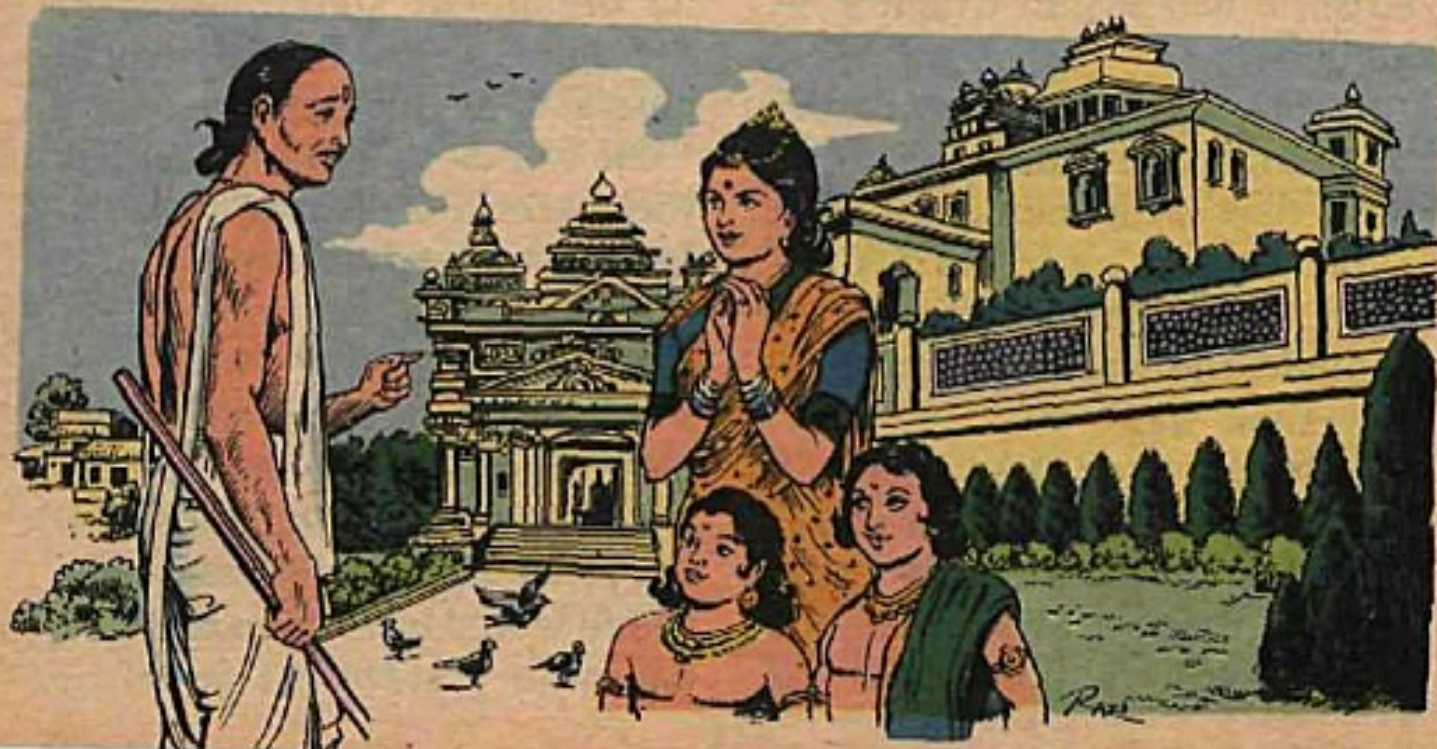
But what about those children who had in the meanwhile man-

aged to take hold of him? They were of course his! But how could his children be so well-dressed? What are they doing in this unfamiliar place?

He looked towards the building once again. The smiling lady who was coming out ready to greet him was his wife.

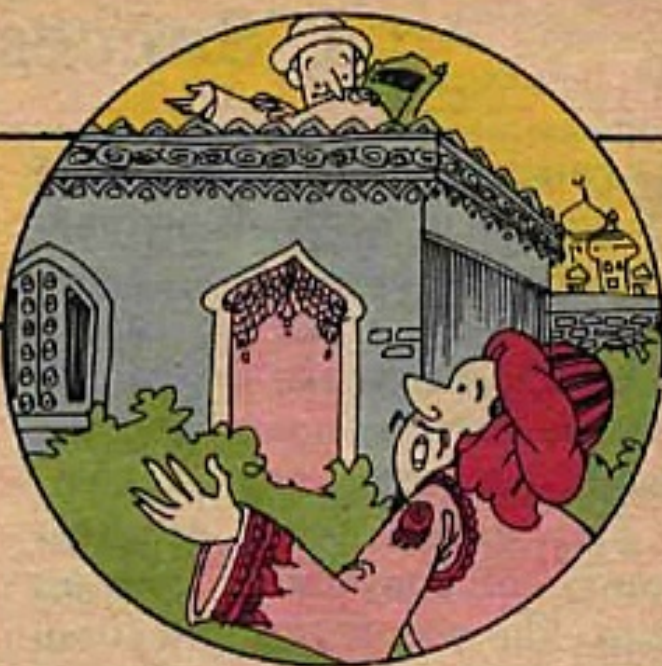
He stood stunned. Slowly his amazement changed into an overwhelming sense of gratitude. He had not spoken of his misery to Krishna. But the Lord knew it all right. His hut had been transformed into a mansion and his empty coffer stuffed with wealth the very moment Krishna embraced him and filled his heart with bliss!

Sudama bowed down to Krishna.



LAUGH WITH NASRUDDIN RETURNING THE COURTESY

One day Mulla Nasruddin was enjoying breeze on his terrace when a rich farmer appeared below and shouted "Will you come down?"



The Mulla came down. Said the farmer, "I've detained your black cow with a brown tail which damaged my crop. Give me compensation so that I'll set it free."



"Please come up!" said the Mulla. The farmer got off his mule and hopefully followed him. On the terrace the Mulla told him, "I never had a black cow with a brown tail!"



"Then why did you bring me up here to say this much?" asked the irritated farmer. "In order to pay you back the courtesy of your calling me down to say that much!" said the Mulla.



A Successful Visit

Years ago there lived a man who was hard of hearing. Though he was not stone deaf, one must shout at the top of one's voice to make the gentleman hear. No wonder that many avoided his company!

The gentleman's greatest source of consolation was his wife. She was a very affectionate companion and never felt tired of shouting to her husband. If at times he failed to hear her, he smiled and nodded all right, never showing that he had not understood her.

One evening the lady shouted

to her husband: "The old man in the next house, our new neighbour, is bed-ridden for the past two weeks. To meet one's neighbour when he is sick and speak a few kind words are good manners. Won't you pay a visit to the sick?"

"But that would be very embarrassing," replied the gentleman. "The neighbour does not yet know my difficulty. His voice would be nothing more than a squeak now. I won't be able to hear anything. Do you want me to simply smile and nod to all he speaks?"



"Nothing to worry. Now listen to me very carefully," said the lady.

"Go on!" The gentleman strained his ears.

"When you meet the sick man," the lady went on with her instruction, "the first question you are to ask him is: 'How are you?'.... Once you finish asking the question wait for his reply. It doesn't matter if you fail to hear anything. But closely watch his lips. If they move, that means he is saying that he is better. Then you must say: 'Good! It's all the Grace of God.'

"That's good idea." The gentleman sounded convinced. "Listen

to me further," she continued. "Your next question would be, 'What food are you taking?' Whatever be his answer, you can safely say, 'That's good food. It's full of vitamins, you know.'

The gentleman now looked enthusiastic. "What next?" he asked.

"The third question would be: 'Which physician did you consult?' Don't forget to watch his lips. When he tells you the name of the physician, you have to comment: 'Well done! He is the best one in our city.'

The gentleman was quite impressed with the wit of his wife.

"Don't stay there long," she



cautioned her husband.

After some rehearsals, the gentleman left for his neighbour's house.

The sick man was lying on his bed. On seeing the visitor, he nodded a welcome. Taking his seat by the side of the sick man the gentleman opened the conversation.

"How are you, my friend?"

The sick man heaved a sigh and seconds later replied in an inaudible voice: "I'm dying."

The gentleman who was eagerly waiting for the neighbour's lips to move and then close, immediately said: "Good! It's all the Grace of God."

The neighbour least expected this. While his face reddened and he was fuming with anger, the visitor shot his next question: "What food are you taking?"

Pat came the answer: "Poison, what else!"

"Very good! That's good food, full of vitamins, you know."

The sick man gnashed his teeth in uncontrollable rage. His blood-pressure went up. He would have tried his strength with the queer visitor, had he any in his muscles. When he was about to sign him to go out, he heard the third question: "Which physician did you consult?"

Irritated beyond limit, the sick man yelled out, "Yama, the god of Death!"

"How wise of you! He is the best physician in our city! "Goodbye, see you later!" He left after the final shot, eager to report to his wife the success of his venture. —Retold by P.Raja.



Treasure Island

Young Jim Hawkins is shipped aboard the *Hispaniola* with Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey, who are bound for an unknown island with a map which shows the location of a vast pirate treasure. So far, the voyage has gone well enough, except for the fact that the mate has been lost overboard.



None of this met with the approval of the Captain, Mr. Smollett, who had disapproved of nearly all the crew from the beginning, perhaps because most of them had been chosen by Long John Silver. Most of the time he kept aloof from all of us.



Now I must come back to the apple barrel. For if it had not been for that we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery. This was how it came about. It was about the last day of our

outward voyage. Before noon of the morrow we should sight the Treasure Island. Just after sundown, when I was on my way to my berth it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea around the sides of the ship. In I got boldly into the apple barrel and found there was scarce an apple left.

Sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when I heard Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, knew that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended on me alone. They were talking of mutiny, no less.





I heard Silver say: "I'm an easy man: only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added breaking off. "you just jump up like a sweet lad and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like." You may fancy the terror I was in!



I was saved by the voice of the look-out shouting. "Land Ho!" There was a great rush of feet across the deck and slipping in an instant outside of the barrel, I doubled towards the weather bow. There, all hands were beginning to congregate.

As soon as I was able to slip away without drawing attention to myself, I hurried off in search of the Squire and the Doctor and found them with the Captain. "Hawkins," said the Squire, "you look as if you have something to say. Speak up." I did as I was bid and then told them of what I had overheard. "Well," said the Squire when I had finished. "The Captain was right, after all, about the sort of crew we have."



The three of them then began to discuss the matter of how many men among the crew they could trust. Their final conclusion was that there were very few. In all, including ourselves there were only seven to match their wits and strength against nineteen. "Thanks, Jim," said the Squire. "We are at least aware of the danger. Let us drink to him for that."



We held a council of war. "Sir," said the Captain to the Squire, "we must keep the men diverted. Therefore I propose to let most of them ashore." The Captain then went on deck and broke the good news to them. His decision was greeted with a cheer from the men.

It was decided that six fellows were to stay on board. The remainder, including Silver, began to embark. It was plain to me that as the six men could not take the ship alone, there would be no harm if I too went ashore. It was a decision that contributed much to saving our lives.



When our boat struck the shore, I immediately determined to shake off Silver and his companions. "Jim, Jim," I heard him shouting. But as you may suspect, I paid him no heed.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither as I ran among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants, here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy—a rattlesnake.



Finally, I rested, until I heard the sound of voices. This put me in great fear and I crawled under cover. Presently, Silver and another member of the crew named Tom appeared in the clearing. They stopped and stood face to face in conversation. "Silver," said Tom, "tell me you won't allow yourself to be led away with those swabs who are planning mutiny..."



Suddenly from far away there came the sound of a long drawn out scream, "What was that," exclaimed Tom. "That," returned Silver, "that'll be Alan." At this, poor Tom flashed out like a hero. "You've killed Alan, have you? Then kill me, too, if you can. But I defy you." That brave fellow turned his back on Silver and set off Silver. Seizing a branch, hurled his crutch at Tom.

—To Continue

ADVENTURES OF A PRINCE

The King of Hindustan sent his greetings and goodwill to an Arab king. In return the Arab king decided to despatch his son to deliver a message of goodwill to the foreign king.

The prince, along with his bodyguards, set out for Hindustan. He carried a variety of gifts loaded on mules.

But when they happened to pass by a range of hills, a gang of bandits came galloping towards them. "Look here, we are royal emissaries heading for

Hindustan!" shouted the prince.

"We care not!" the bandits shouted back and fell on the party, slaying the guards and driving the mules away with them. The prince jumped off his horse and fled. One of the bandits hurled his spear at him, but it narrowly missed him.

The prince walked through the desert for days and at last reached a small town. He found an old tailor seated in his shop. He went up to him and greeted him.





"You seem to be a stranger to this place!" observed the tailor.

The prince sat down near him and narrated his story to him. The tailor said, lowering his voice, "My son, never reveal your identity to anyone. Know that the king of this land is an arch enemy of your father. He would not spare you if he comes to know who you are!"

The prince thanked the tailor for the information. "I must earn my livelihood. I know many languages and am well-versed in law. Can I get a job here?"

The tailor laughed. "My son," he said, "nobody in this town

has any respect for languages or law. They know only one thing—to earn money by hook or by crook."

The tailor introduced the prince to some woodcutters. One of them gave the prince an axe on loan. The prince accompanied them to the forest everyday and cut wood. He maintained himself with the money he earned by selling wood. He continued to live in a corner of the tailor's shop.

One day he went far into the forest and decided to fell a very old tree. Upon going closer to it, he cast his look at the dark hollow of the tree. It looked as if something glittering was there at the bottom of the hollow. He stepped into the hollow and found it to be a metal cover. He removed it. Down went a passage with marble steps.

Quite surprised, he descended along the steps and soon stood inside an enchanting castle. He peeped into room after room until he saw a charming young lady lying on a velvet divan.

The lady gave out a cry in surprise and joy when her eyes fell on the prince. "I see a human being after years!" said

she. "But who are you and how are you here?" she asked.

The prince told her his story and said, "I am sure, I am talking to a nymph."

"Oh no, I'm as human as you are. I am a princess. On the eve of my marriage a terrible ogre kidnapped me. He has kept me a prisoner in this underground castle, although he supplies me with everything I might need. Once every ten days he visits me. I am under a spell and that is why I can never escape!" said the princess.

"How many days are there for his next visit?" asked the prince while being sumptuously fed by the princess.

"Six days," said the princess. "But there is that drum. If I beat the drum, he will appear any moment. But who would wish to see the rogue? I have never used the drum. He is very much annoyed with me that I never call him!"

"What right has that brute to keep you as his prisoner? Let him appear and I shall put an end to him!" shouted the prince and lifted his axe to beat the drum with it.

"Stop, please!" shrieked out the princess. But the prince's axe had already shattered the drum.

"What did you do!" cried out the princess. Sense dawned on





the prince a bit too late, when there was a deafening sound and the earth parted and a gigantic figure emerged. The axe fell off his hand.

"Fly away dear, fly away!" whispered the princess. The prince climbed the staircase and escaped.

Soon after he was back in his lodge, someone knocked on his door. He opened the door and saw a fellow standing with an axe.

"I found this axe lying in the forest. Other woodcutters told me that it belongs to you. Is it really yours?"

"Yes, indeed, but ..."

"Ha! Ha!!"

The prince looked up at the roaring laughter. The fellow changed into the terrible ogre that he was and took hold of the prince and dragged him to the open. The prince swooned away. When he came back to senses, he was inside the underground castle. Before him sprawled the princess, her legs and hands bound.

"At first I thought that she has called me because she liked me. But when I found the axe here I knew somebody had intruded, but she would not confess it. So, this is her reward!"

The ogre at once killed the princess. The prince shut his eyes in horror. Then the ogre dragged the prince out of the castle and flew away holding him and descended on an island and said, "I do not intend to kill you. I shall change you into a baboon or an ass or an owl. Say what you would like to be come!"

The prince was at his wit's end. "Since you cannot choose I choose for you!" So saying the ogre cast a spell on him and changed him into a baboon. He then flew away, leaving him on the island.

A few days later a ship lay at anchor off the island. The baboon hopped on to its deck.

"Kill it!" shouted the mariners.

But the baboon reached the captain of the ship in a leap and shed tears placing its head on his feet.

"This creature seeks my protection. Nobody can kill it!" announced the captain.

Something unexpected happened. The king of the island had lost his wise minister. He sent a group of heralds with a scroll to meet every educated man, native or foreigner. Each of those met was to write down a line or two on the scroll. The

king would find out from the writings who was the wisest man and appoint him to the post of his minister.

When the captain and the leading members of his crew had written whatever they could, the baboon snatched away the scroll.

"He will spoil it!" shouted a dozen voices. But the captain who had somehow developed a different idea about the baboon, said, "Wait and let us see what it is doing!"

Though the prince, after becoming a baboon, had lost his speech, he had not lost his capacity for writing. He wrote a few couplets.





When the heralds returned to the king and showed the scroll to him, he said, pointing at the baboon's writing, "Here is the wisest man. Dress him with the ministerial robes and bring him at the head of a procession!"

"Your Majesty, he is only a baboon!" said the heralds.

"How dare you joke with me!" growled the king.

"Your Majesty, this is no joke. We have never known anything more surprising. But the fact is, the writer is a baboon!" said the heralds.

"Is that so? Very well, bring him in the manner we should have received a chosen minister," said the king.

So the baboon was purchased from the captain. He was dressed gorgeously and brought in a procession. The people of the island who lined the road were greatly amused.

The king, after reading some more passages which the baboon wrote, was satisfied that he had met the wisest creature in the world. He carried the baboon into the palace and summoned his dear daughter. He wished to introduce the amazing animal to her.

The princess came running, but at the sight of the baboon, she stopped and drew the veil over her face.

"Must you feel shy before a baboon, my daughter?" the king asked with some surprise.

"Papa, this is no baboon but a young man under spell!"

"How did you know?"

"Papa, my old nurse, who is no more, knew many charms. She passed them on to me. I can instantly know when one is under a spell."

"Do you know how to liberate him from his spell?" asked the king.

"I know. That of course will mean my having to give a fight to the terrible ogre who has cast

the spell on him. But I will dare it, because I understand that this young man has been reduced to this condition in his bid to save a young lady from the ogre!"

The princess brought a cupful of water and recited an incantation on it and said, looking at the baboon, "If God has made you a baboon, remain a baboon. But if you are a baboon because of someone's mischief, become what you truly are!" Then she splashed the water on the baboon's face.

It trembled and changed into man.

But the very next moment, with a deafening sound, there appeared the ogre. "Who is there to undo what I had done?" he thundered forth. Then he changed into a lion and rushed

upon the princess.

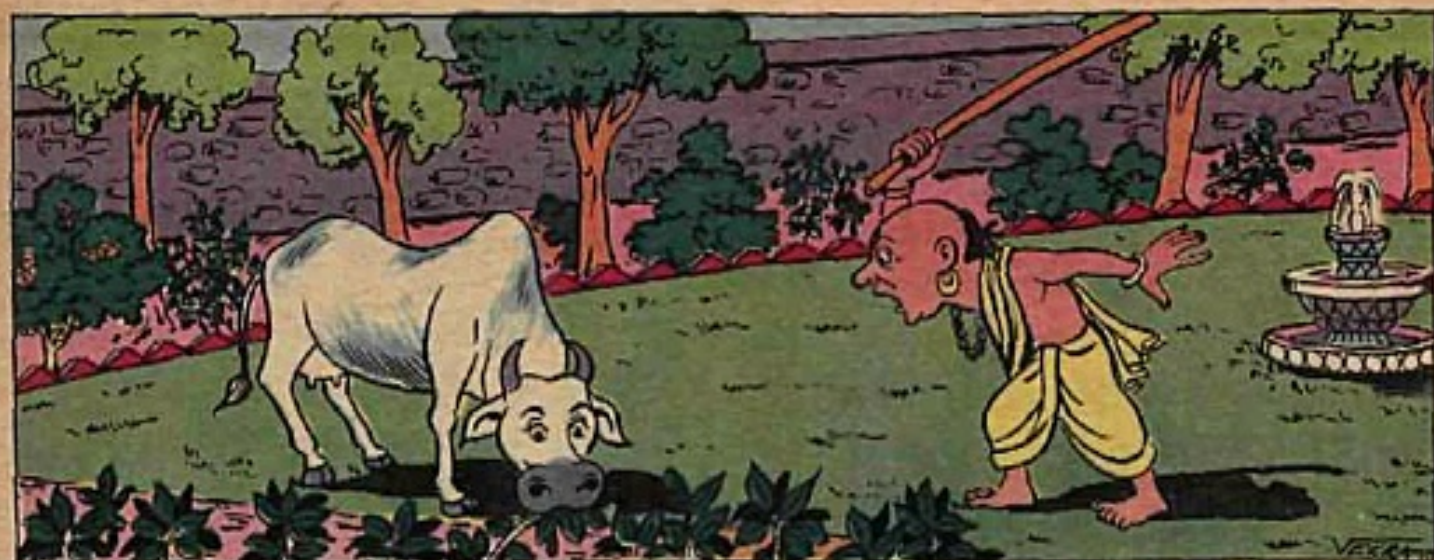
At once the princess tore a hair from her head and uttered an incantation and blew on it. It changed into a sword. She struck the lion with it and beheaded it. But the lion's corpse burst into flames and the sparks fell on the princes.

The lion was reduced to a heap of ashes, but the princess lay dying.

"Papa, the crafty ogre gave me its final blow before I had taken precautions to defend myself. Sorry to desert you!" She breathed her last.

Looking at the heart-broken king, the prince slipped away. Roaming about like mad for a long time, he narrated his story to a citizen of Baghdad. Thus it came to be known!





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

Indra to Blame!

There was a Pundit who was quite wealthy. He had a large orchard.

One afternoon a cow entered his orchard and ate up a few brinjals. The Pundit swooped down upon it with a lathi. The beating proved too much for the cow. It died.

The poor man who owned the cow was shocked. The villagers too were shocked. Apart from the fact that the cow was valuable, it was a sin to kill a cow.

The prominent ones of the village met the Pundit. They suggested that the Pundit pay compensation to the poor man and do some penance for his own sin. Penance, of course, was his own business. But com-

pensation he must pay immediately.

"What have I done to give compensation and do penance?" asked the Pundit, feigning surprise.

"You killed a cow!"

"Who said that I killed a cow?" asked the Pundit.

"So many people saw you thrashing it to death!" said the villagers.

"Oh that!" laughed the Pundit. "How to explain the fact to you who know nothing of complex scriptures? I did not kill it, it is God Indra who killed it."

"How does God Indra come into the picture?" asked the villagers, puzzled.

The Pundit recited some cou-

plets from scriptures. The meaning was, Indra was the spirit and the presiding deity of the human hands. The Pundit said in conclusion, "So, if anyone is responsible for what my hands did, it is God Indra. Now, you may go."

The people dispersed, unable to rebuff him.

Two days later a kingly person was seen walking the village street. He stopped near the Pundit's house. "How wonderful!" he said aloud, looking at the Pundit's orchard.

"What is wonderful, sir?" asked the Pundit.

"This orchard. I wonder who has raised this," said the stranger.

"I have raised it, sir, with my own hands!"

"Excellent. But who has dug these well-planned tunnels

through the orchard?"

"Myself, sir, myself!" exclaimed the flattered Pundit.

"Who raised those beautiful flower-plants?"

"I sir, I, with this very pair of hands!" said the Pundit, unmindful of the crowd that had collected behind the stranger.

"Fine. Now, can I put a small question to you?"

"Why not, sir!"

"If it is you who did all this with your own pair of hands, must the poor Indra be blamed when it comes to killing the cow?"

The Pundit's face fell. The stranger, who was none other than Indra, went away.

The villagers now understood the hollowness of the Pundit's logic. They compelled him to pay compensation to the owner of the cow.





The Last of the Clever

Vikram Singh, the landlord of Chitrapur, was a man of strange whims. He was in the habit of putting people to different tests and rewarding those who passed the tests.

"Who is the cleverest man in this area?" he asked his friends one day.

"Haven't you heard of Ram, Shyam and Bhim—the three young men famous for their cleverness?" said his friends.

"Right. I had forgotten about them. But that does not satisfy my curiosity. I must know who is the cleverest of the three!"

The landlord sent for those three youths. When they appeared before him, he said, "Look here, boys, people say that you three are very clever. But the question is, who is the cleverest among you?"

The three friends looked at

one another. "Well, sir, we have never given any thought to such a question," confessed Ram.

"I see. But now that the question has arisen in my mind, I must find an answer to it," said the landlord.

"How do you propose to find the answer?" asked the three.

"I will leave you three at three different places in a desert, but at equal distances from this place. You will be left at the same time. The one who can come back soonest shall be deemed the cleverest and receive a reward of ten rupees. This is the condition from my side. Have you any condition from your side?" asked the landlord.

"Yes, you must provide me with a pair of shoes that will be strong and cooling and a set of clothes through which sunlight



cannot enter," said Ram.

"You must allow your son to accompany me!" said Shyam.

"Why?" asked the surprised landlord.

Shyam laughed and said, "You will surely feel concerned about your son's welfare and tell him how to come out of the desert easily. I will benefit by that!" replied Shyam.

"What about you?" the land-

lord asked Bhim.

"I am just not willing to risk my reputation for a mere ten rupees!" replied Bhim.

All laughed at his statement. The landlord also laughed and said, "It seems I will never know who is the cleverest man. In the meanwhile I shall be clever myself to save my ten rupees! Come on, boys, what will you like to drink—tea or coffee?"

IF TOM IS THOMAS...

Jack and Tom were good friends. The day they got admission into the new school, the class teacher asked them their names. Tom was the first to reply, "Tom."

"You see, Tom is a short form of Thomas. When asked, you should say Thomas," advised the teacher.

Now it was Jack's turn. Sporting a broad smile, he introduced himself as what sounded like "Jack-ass!"



Plates for Protection

The armour-plated body of the armadillo gives it a unique form of protection from its enemies

Armadillos and their near relations the pichi-ciagos are the only living mammals to have a protective covering of bony plates in the skin. It is this armour plating which gives the armadillo its Spanish name.

Usually the back shield is in two solid sections, composed of numerous small plates which vary in shape from species to species. An armadillo can withdraw its head and fore-limbs under the front, or shoulder, shield in times of danger.

The upper surface of the creature's elongated head is protected by a similar shield and the tail in most species is encircled by rings. The legs too have their own bony covering.

Often hairs stick out between the armadillo's plates and in some species these are so numerous that the armour is hidden, giving the animal a deceptively soft and furry appearance. The mulita ("little mule") of Peru is particularly hairy. Its thick coat of light brown hair is about 4 cm long; only its armour-plated head proclaims it an armadillo.

The two bony back sections of the body shield are separated by a series of movable transverse bands; these number between three (or rarely, two) and 13.

It is these movable bands which enable the animal to curl its body—some species can roll into a complete ball to foil an enemy. Some armadillos which are unable to do this still manage to make good use of such flexibility as they have. The nine-banded armadillo, for instance, in times of danger, goes to ground in its burrow and arches its back to the maximum, making it possible for the creature to be pulled out of the confined space.

Armadillos are burrowing animals and have between three and five powerful curved claws on each fore-foot to make them very efficient diggers. They all have a great number of peg-like teeth and the giant armadillo has up to 100—more than any other existing land mammal.

Armadillos and pichi-ciagos are almost exclusively confined to the warmer areas of South and Central America, including Mexico. Skeletons of extinct armadillos of the most ancient period have, however, been found in other parts of the United States.

Armadillos prefer a solitary life and on the whole are peace-loving creatures. So docile are they that cowboys have been known to use their horny backs as sharpening stones for their knives!

Swift Runners

Some species live in the grassy plains and others prefer the forests. Armadillos are extremely swift runners and are thought to be good and fast swimmers.

Frequently burrows are found close to ant hills and termite mounds, providing a ready source of food.

The staple diet of most armadillos is insects, snails and worms, although some feed on the eggs of ground-nesting birds. The peba armadillo has particularly nasty eating habits. It feeds mostly on carrion which it stores in its burrow until hungry. In spite of this the peba armadillo is hunted for its flesh which is untainted by its unwholesome diet.

Most armadillos leave their burrows to search for food, but some live almost exclusively underground, rather like moles.

The shy lesser pichi-ciago, or fairy armadillo, is the smallest member of the family. It is rare and not often seen in captivity. It differs quite considerably from the true armadillos and, with the greater pichi-ciago, forms its own sub-order.

The tiny creature was first discovered in 1824 by an American naturalist. It measures only 12.5 cm in length; its shield, or mantle, over the head and body is pink and is covered with fine white hairs; and it has a short head.

The mantle consists of a continuous shield of 20 to 24 transverse rows of plates. On the head the armour is firmly joined to the bones but, unlike that of other armadillos, the armour covering the body is attached only to the creature's backbone.

The animal's rear end is protected by its own bony shield which is strongly welded to the bones of the pelvis. The shield is roughly semi-circular in shape and has a small nick at the bottom for the tail. If the fairy armadillo is pursued by an enemy it makes a dash for home

and blocks the entrance to its burrow with its own body. Its bony rear shield forms an effective "door."

The forest-dwelling great armadillo is the largest of all living armadillos; it reaches a length of about a metre excluding its tail. It is notable for its small head and ears, a very long tail—almost as long as the body—and rather peculiar-looking claws on its front feet. The giant armadillo is five-toed, like some other species, but the third toe has developed to huge proportions. This proves extremely useful when the animal is on the track of its favourite food, ants and termites; it makes short work of the best constructed termite mound.

When burrowing, the giant armadillo uses its powerful front claws, massive hind legs and tail; it digs into the earth with the front claws, props up its rear by pushing its tail downwards, leaving the hind legs free to throw the earth behind it.

Modern members of the Dasypodidae family are relatively small mammals, but in ages gone by armadillo-like creatures about as big as a small rhinoceros existed.

They were different from present-day armadillos in a number of ways. They had more complex teeth and the shield was in one solid piece.

They had huge, stumpy feet and legs. The skull was short and the head protected by a bony shield. In some larger ones of them the

plates of the body armour were 2.5 cm (1 inch) thick.

One gaint species had a tail with a large, flattened club at the end. It was armed also with horns.

Like armadillos of the present-day, they lived principally in South and Central America.





A Bundle of Gold

Vikas had inherited a few acres of land from his father and they were really a chunk of good earth. But he never took any interest in his land. He let some peasants till them. They gave him a share of the yield.

"You once said that you will raise a farm on our land and plant a variety of fruit trees. When will you do so?" his wife asked him.

"The problem is, farming takes too much time," replied Vikas, yawning.

"So what? Are you not wasting all your time gossiping with some good-for-nothing chaps or playing cards or sleeping? What harm is there if farming takes your time?" asked his wife.

"Well, the question is, what is the use doing of so much? Are we not quite well off?"

His wife sighed at his question. On the verge of weeping, she said, "For long I had dreamt of wearing some gold ornaments. Now I realise that my dream will never be anything more than a dream!"

Vikas kept quiet. It was true that he had promised to buy some gold ornaments for his wife. Her putting on gold should add to his own prestige. But how to arrange for so much money?

"Ramu, can you tell me how to become rich?" he asked one of his close friends.

Ramu spoke to him of several ways, but they were all difficult ways. "Can't you tell me how to grow rich overnight?" he asked.

"Ha ha! That can be possible only if you steal!" said Ramu.

Vikas joined Ramu in his

laughter, but in his heart he grew quite serious. Why should he not steal if that would enable him to secure ornaments for his wife?

Vikas decided to try his hand in this novel venture.

"I'm going out to meet some people who had borrowed money from my father. We can buy ornaments if I succeed in realising those loans," Vikas told his wife and went out. His wife looked happy.

Vikas reached a market in a distant village. He observed as many people as he could to determine who was wealthy. Suddenly he heard a villager telling his wife, "Hold the bundle of gold carefully, eh? Don't let a grain of it slip away!"

A bundle of gold! Vikas gave a start. Who would have thought that this simple looking couple could be so rich!

Vikas did not take his eyes off them even for a moment. He followed them quietly when they headed for their home. The couple, of course, was innocent of his motive!

When Vikas saw the couple unlocking their house, he went closer to them and said, "I'm a stranger to this village. Will you



grant me shelter for the night?"

"Gladly," said the villager. They gave Vikas a room with a bed and entertained him to a good dinner.

"Where did you keep the bundle of gold?" Vikas heard the host asking his wife in the next room.

"On the stool. It is safe, I believe!" his wife replied.

What a golden opportunity!—thought Vikas. He pretended to have fallen asleep till it was midnight.

Then he tiptoed out of his room and pressed the door of the next room. Moonlight flooded the room both through

the door and the window. He could see the bundle lying on a stool. His heart beating fast, he lifted it.

Nothing but a cockroach crawled onto his hand. That made him nervous. The bundle fell off his hand and the stool got a kick!

"Thief! Thief!" shouted the lady. She and her husband sprang out of their beds.

"You! Were you trying to steal?" the host asked with surprise.

Vikas gathered his wits and said, "Far from that, I was only acting out of my goodwill for you. I planned to hide this so that you would worry over your loss. Then I would have restored it to you and cautioned you against leaving gold on a stool!"

"Say that!" said the host.

"But, my friend, this is not gold but only grain. You see, we were tilling a landlord's land till the last year. Recently we bought an acre of land. We purchased this quality grain for using as seeds. I used to tell my wife that if we have a bumper crop, I will buy gold for her. In other words these grains were the seeds of gold. That is why I referred to this as the bundle of gold!"

"I see!" said Vikas, hiding his humiliation.

"It was to keep it safe from rats that we had put the bundle on a stool," explained the lady.

"That is good," said Vikas, dying with shame.

In the morning Vikas left for his home. He began taking interest in his land from that very day. In three years it proved to be as valuable as gold!





*New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire*

The Miracle-man and His Son

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of the roaring thunder could be heard the moaning of jackals and hyenas and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder the Vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I do not know what kind of supernatural power you desire to acquire for which purpose you are taking such pains. But I can assure you that acquiring any such power does not necessarily result in one's welfare. Let me cite an instance. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In Vaishali lived a Brahmin named



Shur Sharma. He was a priest by profession and quite well off. But he was far more learned than any ordinary priest. He was unhappy that his learning brought him no extra benefit. He felt envious of those scholars who were honoured by the king.

Shur Sharma had only one child, Krishna Sharma by name. He successfully completed his studies in the Vedic school and began assisting his father in the priestly duties. Shur Sharma saw that his son was quite efficient. It would not matter much if he absented himself from home for a few days.

"I am going on a pilgrimage,"

he told his son and left the town. He walked into the Himalayan region, determined to locate a Yogi who had mastered supernatural powers.

Luckily he met such a Yogi before long. He remained with him and served him with great care.

A few months passed. One day the Yogi said, "Look here, Brahmin, you have left your family behind. I do not think that you came here because you lost all interest in worldly affairs. I have a hunch that you are here in order to get some desire fulfilled. Should I teach you a secret by which you can have your desire satisfied?"

"O great soul, I should not hide anything from you. I desire fame and wealth. Pass on to me a secret that would enable me to have them," said Shur Sharma, his hands folded.

"Brahmin, it would have been creditable for you to rise above such vain desires. Since you cherish them, I should oblige you. I can teach you a hymn by which you can bring down rain and again stop it too. This will naturally bring you both fame and wealth. But, be on your guard. Let not your greed make

you blind to your circumstance," warned the Yogi.

The Brahmin jumped with joy. "I will be grateful to you O noble Yogi, if you impart such a hymn to me!"

"Very good. But do not forget my warning. You shall be in grave danger if you let your greed possess you!"

After this caution the yogi taught the Brahmin the promised hymn.

Shur Sharma was back in Vaishali. To his joy, he found that his own country was seething under a terrible drought. The king had already performed many rites, but to no avail. It had just been announced that anyone who can bring down rain will be honoured and rewarded.

"My son," Shur Sharma told Krishna Sharma, "I know a hymn by which I can bring down rain at wish and can stop it too. Let me impart it to you lest I forget it in the future. You have to face north and stand on one leg and recite the hymn thrice—both for bringing the rain and for stopping it."

Shur Sharma taught the hymn to his son. "Father," said Krishna Sharma, "Why don't you recite it in the proper way,



facing north, so that there is rain immediately? Drought is destroying the crop and almost killing the people!"

"Don't speak like a fool. If I perform the rite here and bring down the rain, how will the king know that it is my power that brought the rain? Did I take so much trouble to learn the hymn for nothing? The king must know that I am performing a miracle so that he rewards me," said Shur Sharma.

Krishna Sharma kept quiet. Shur Sharma proceeded to meet the king. "The rains will come at my calling!" he announced in the king's presence with confi-

dence. The king could not believe him, but said, "Brahmin, I shall give you a reward of ten thousand gold coins immediately if you do so. Afterwards you'll be honoured in public."

"Very well. You will see what I can do within an hour," said Shur Sharma. "Let one of your courtiers follow me."

In order to create an impression that what he was doing was not at all easy and it could be done only at some special place, he went near a deserted temple outside the town. After taking a dip in the water, he made postures and gestures that were really not necessary. The king's

emissary observed him with a keen eye. Then he stood on one leg facing north and recited the hymn thrice. At once dark clouds were seen gathering in the sky. In ten minutes a heavy downpour began.

The emissary ran and informed the king where the Brahmin was performing his penance. The king, followed by his ministers and courtiers, came to meet Shur Sharma, unmindful of the rain. In fact the people were dancing in the streets enjoying the shower.

The king handed over to Shur Sharma a casket containing his reward and bowed down to him.



Others touched Shur Sharma's feet.

"Your Majesty, I shall be waiting here. When you are satisfied that there had been enough rain, send me word so that I can stop it," said Shur Sharma.

"Thank you. Let it be so," said the king and he left the place with his party.

Left alone, Shur Sharma went inside the deserted temple and began counting the coins with great excitement.

Excitement also ran high among the people. They were praising Shur Sharma to the sky everywhere in the town.

After four hours of non-stop rain the king thought that more might be harmful. He sent a delegation of his courtiers to ask Shur Sharma to stop the shower.

But, to their horror, the courtiers saw the Brahmin lying dead inside the deserted temple. The gold coins were missing. He had been stabbed.

The lonely place was the regular haunt and shelter of some bandits. They had committed the crime.

The news shocked the king. How to stop the rain? He was at his wit's end.

Carrying the king's condo-





lence the chief minister went to meet Krishna Sharma. Krishna Sharma stood speechless at this most unexpected tragedy. The minister said, "Your father's murder is a matter of great sorrow. But that is not all. The question is, how to stop the rain?"

"What can we do except praying to God?" said Krishna Sharma. Then he faced north and stood on one leg and recited the hymn thrice.

The minister thought that this was Krishna Sharma's style of praying. He went away. Within minutes the rains stopped. Nobody of course knew that Krish-

na Sharma stopped it.

The vampire paused and demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, how could Krishna Sharma, the son of as clever a man as Shur Sharma, behave so foolishly? Had he told the minister that he knew the hymn which would stop the rain and then recited the hymn and proved his claim, he would have been rewarded. Why did he not do so? Was it because of his fear that he too might be assassinated? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram answered forthwith: Far from being foolish, Krishna Sharma was truly wise. He had asked his father to bring down the rain immediately, without coveting the reward. His father called him a fool. Soon it became evident that Shur Sharma himself was a fool when he began counting the coins in the deserted temple instead of coming home. He had mastered power, but had not developed any control over his impulses.

Krishna Sharma had no desire to win fame and wealth. That is



why he did not feel it necessary to declare that it was he who was stopping the rain. It was not out of fear, but out of his detachment that he kept the

secret to himself."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



ONE FAULT ONLY

Prabhash, a wealthy merchant, had left his son with Somadev, a learned scholar. But after a year Somadev sent a letter to Prabhash asking him to take the young man back.

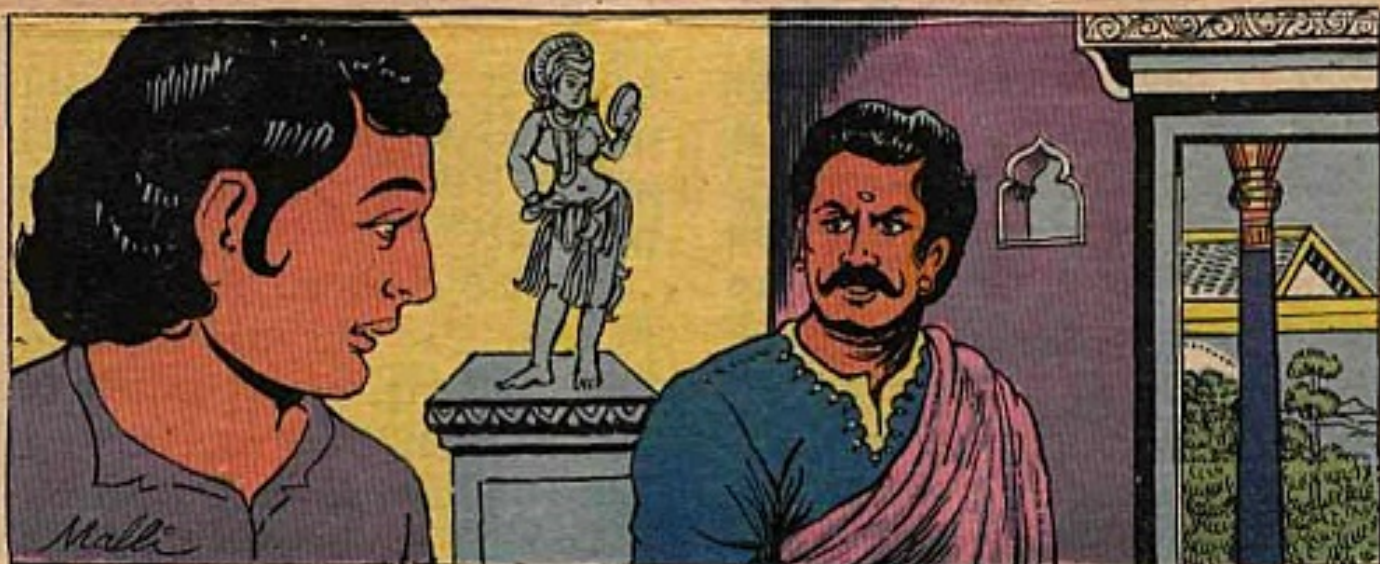
Prabhash met the scholar. "What is my son's fault?" he asked. "He has only one fault. Find it out yourself," said the scholar.

Prabhash called his son to a lonely place and asked, "Have you neglected your studies?" "Not at all!" was the son's reply. "Do you steal?" asked the father. "Never!" said the son. "Do you smoke?" asked the father. "I don't know what smoking is like!" replied the son.

The father asked a dozen questions, but could not find out what his son's fault was. He went back to Somadev and asked, "What is that one fault you spoke of?"

"He never speaks a truth!" replied the scholar.





ONE LEADING TO A HUNDRED

Govind worked in the household of the landlord of Madhavpur, popularly known as Roy Sahib. His father, who was no more, used to be the most trusted employee of Roy Sahib. That is why Roy Sahib gave special attention to him. Govind was given the opportunity to study at Roy Sahib's cost, but he showed no interest in study. So Roy Sahib gave him easy works from time to time and treated him almost as a member of his family.

A proposal for the marriage of Roy Sahib's daughter with the son of Ravi Chowdhury of Vijaypur had been finalised. The date for the celebration had

been tentatively decided. However for certain reasons it became necessary for Roy Sahib to postpone the day by a week. He wrote a letter to Ravi Chowdhury and asked Govind to proceed to Vijaypur and hand it over to the addressee. Then he set out for the town for some important work.

"Hello Govind, where are you going? Come, let us play cards," three of his friends said when they saw him in the street.

"Not today," said Govind.

"Why, do you consider today to be an inauspicious day for card-playing?" they provoked Govind.

"That is not the considera-

tion. I have to reach Vijaypur and then return before it is evening," explained Govind.

"Don't try to tell us that you alone are busy and we were whiling away our time! We too have works to do. Vijaypur is not very far. Once you cross the river, you reach the village in a matter of minutes. Let us play only one game," insisted the friends.

Govind sat down for a game. But one game followed another and by the time the four friends stopped playing because they felt quite hungry, it was late in the afternoon.

He sat brooding over the

situation. Ramu, an old servant of Roy Sahib, saw him and asked, "What makes you so pensive?"

Govind confided his problem to him. The old man cheered him up saying, "What is there to worry about? Tell our master that you have done it! Start for Vijaypur tomorrow morning and return by evening. I will inform our master, if at all he enquires about you, that you are slightly unwell and that is why you are taking rest at home!"

The counsel gladdened Govind. He resumed card-playing with his friends in the evening.

Roy Sahib returned from the



town early in the night. He summoned Govind and asked, "How did your mission go?"

"Fine, sir, I handed over the letter to Ravi Chowdhury!"

Govind did not observe how surprised Roy Sahib was at his answer. His searching eyes moved on Ravi and then he asked, "But how did you cross the river? It is in spate!"

"I swam through the flood, sir!"

"How wonderful! And what did Ravi Chowdhury say?"

"He said that it is all right."

"I see. Did you see his elephant that is always there in front of his house? Is it cured of

its sickness? Could it stand?"

Govind fidgeted, but said, "Yes, of course, I saw it standing!"

"Good. Did the Chowdhury entertain you to any good food?"

"To a number of delicacies, sir!"

"What were they?"

"Well—um—rasogollas and—and...."

"All right, all right. Did you eat enough?"

"Enough, sir."

"In that case you ought to forget your dinner. Otherwise you may fall sick!"

"Yes, sir, I'm in no mood to



have any more food tonight!"

Govind's throat was drying up. He had never felt so very nervous in his life. He felt that Roy Sahib's tone and look were different from the other days.

"Do I have your leave to retire now, sir?" he fumbled out. But Roy Sahib seemed too preoccupied with his own thoughts to reply to him.

"Govind!" Roy Sahib said gravely, "I did not know that Ravi Chowdhury was a wizard. I saw him in the town. He was there the whole day and he would return to his village tomorrow. But you found him in his village. In other words, he was at two places at the same time!"

Govind stood trembling and perspiring.

"Chowdhury's horse was sick. By mistake I said elephant.

Although he never had an elephant, you saw one standing before his house. This is yet another magic the gentleman performed—I mean he showed a horse as an elephant!"

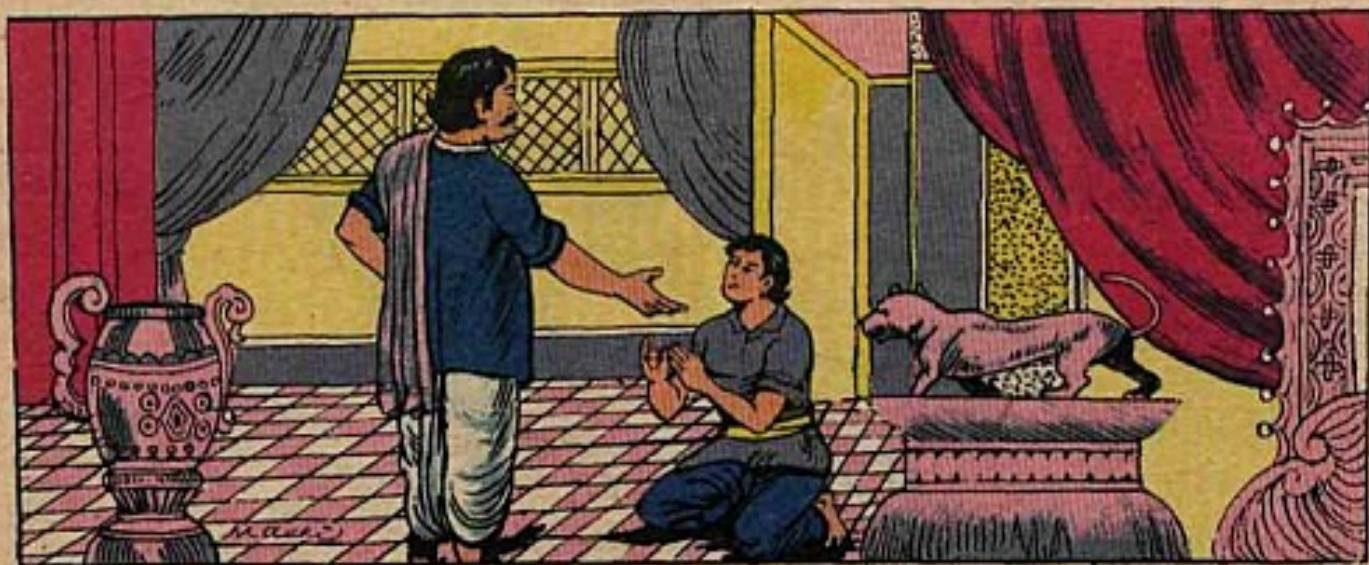
Govind broke down.

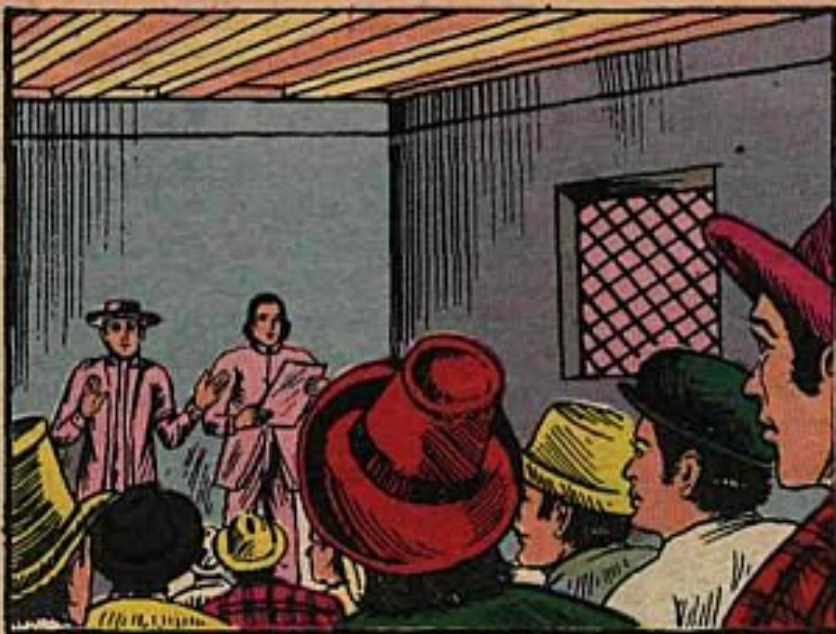
Roy Sahib patted him on the back and wiped his tears. "Don't weep" he said, "I know, you are a good boy. It must have been under others' influence that you spoke a lie. And one lie leads to a hundred lies!"

"I'll never speak a lie again!" Govind said between sobs.

"Excellent. Stick to this promise. First, you ought to have fulfilled your mission. If you did not, you should have told me so. There was no reason at all to plunge into a pool of lies. Go and have food now."

Govind touched Roy Sahib's feet and went out slowly.



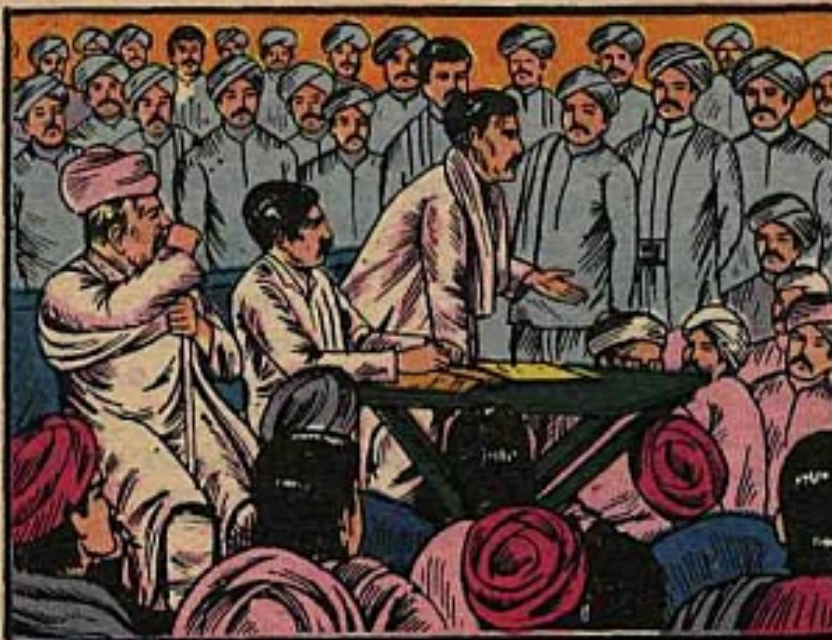


STORY OF INDIA-93

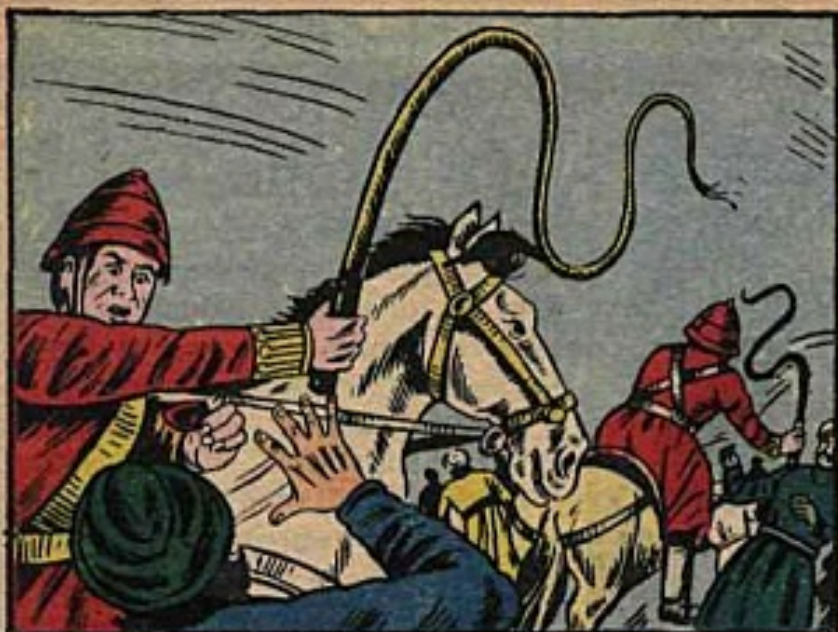
Fight for Freedom

All over India a new consciousness was growing. India was one of the most ancient nations in the world. Must a handful of foreigners rule this vast country? Even a group of Indian students in England formed an association named the "Lotus and the Dagger" to secretly fight for freedom.

India saw a great leader in Bal Gangadhar Tilak (1857-1920). He launched a great protest movement in Maharashtra where, during a plague, the British police behaved rudely with the people and humiliated women.



At the session of the National Congress at Surat in 1906, Tilak and Sri Aurobindo demanded that complete autonomy be declared the goal of the Congress. When the other leaders felt reluctant to take such a radical view, a different session was held under Sri Aurobindo's Presidentship where Tilak moved his resolution:



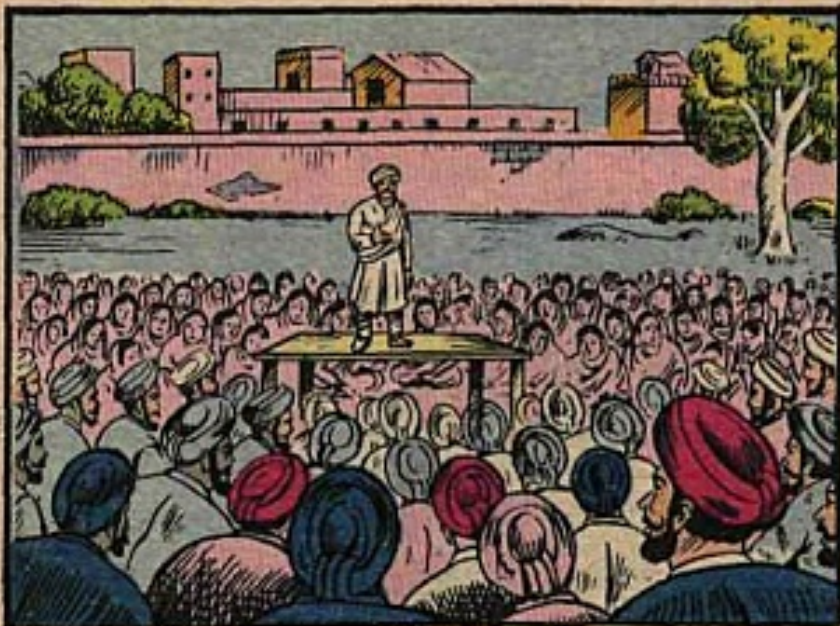
Soon Sri Aurobindo became the supreme leader of the revolutionary spirited patriots. He enunciated with the British, boycott of British goods, resolving disputes through Panchayats, national education and organisation of people's militia. Soon the British police let loose a reign of terror on the revolutionaries.

In 1910 Sri Aurobindo left the political scene and got absorbed in yoga. But the principles he had formulated and the spirit of revolution continued to guide the freedom movement. Bagha Jatin, a leader of the revolutionaries, and his disciples gave a heroic battle to regiments of army and police near Balasore, at last falling martyrs.



Punjabis living in Canada had formed a party called the Ghadra with the aim of fighting for freedom. A ship named Komagata Maru, carrying 372 Indian passengers, was not allowed to touch the Vancouver port because it was suspected to carry more people for the Ghadra party. It returned to Calcutta where the British police opened fire on the passengers,

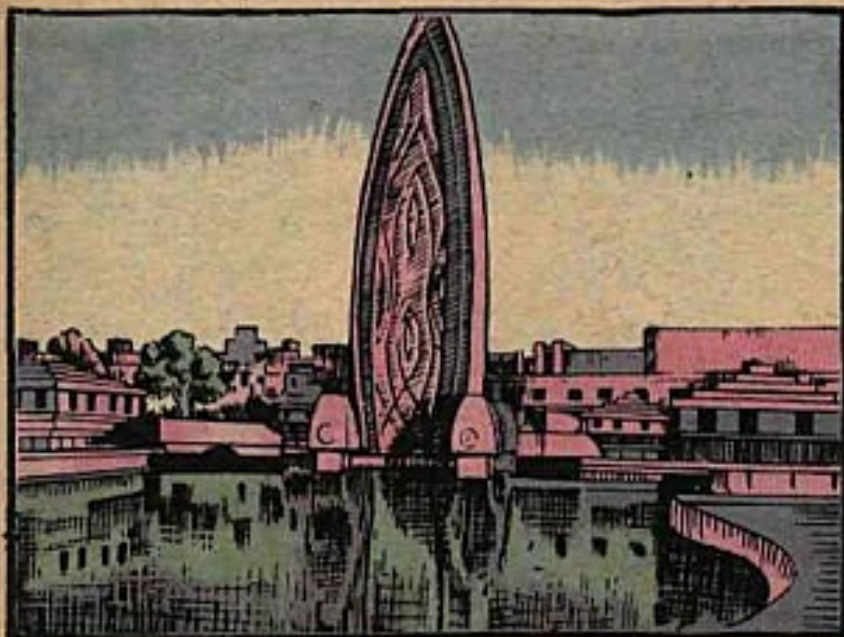
Gandhiji, who earlier fought against the British injustice in South Africa, arrived in India in 1914. He soon championed the idea of *Satyagraha*, the non-violent mode of freedom struggle. He began by organising the peasants of Champaran in Bihar against the tyranny of the European indigo-planters.



On 13 April 1919, a large crowd assembled in Jallianwala Bagh near Amritsar in Punjab. Among the thousands were hundreds of women with children in their arms. They had gathered to peacefully protest against the arrest of some of the leading freedom fighters. Amritsar was then under military administration, headed by a certain General Dyer.

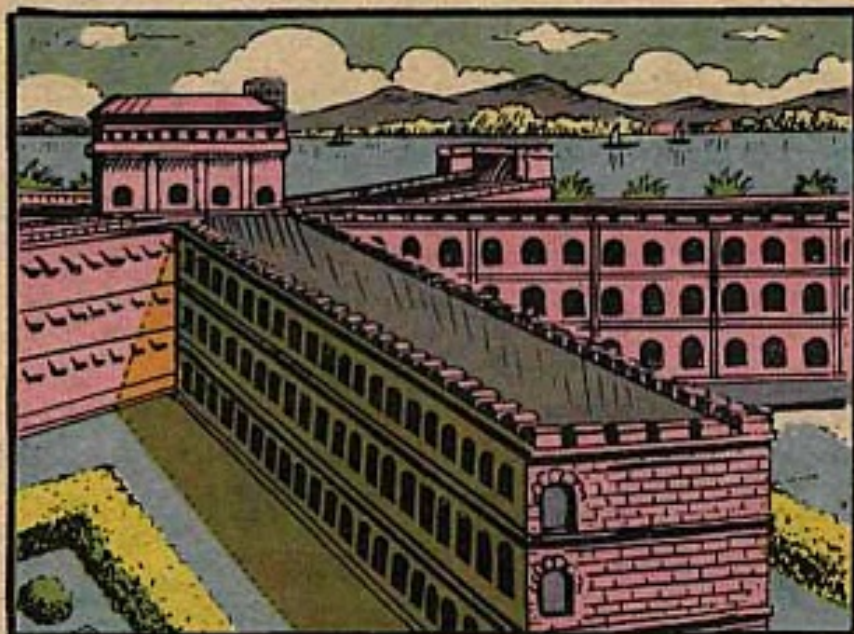
The crowd had not been told that meetings were prohibited. Suddenly General Dyer marched to the enclosed meeting place with ninety armed men, blocked the only exit, and opened fire without any warning. According to official report, they killed 379 persons on the spot and wounded 1208 of them.





The memorial column that stands today on the site of the massacre symbolises the nation's homage to thousands of martyrs in the struggle for freedom—from leaders to volunteers. They belonged to all religions and came from every part of India.

A large number of freedom fighters of the revolutionary phase had been exiled and thrown in the gaol in the Andamans, notorious for unhealthy climate in those days. Many of them died there, under oppression or beset by disease, totally uncared for.



However, with Gandhiji's emergence as the leader of the freedom struggle, it took a new turn. The British had imposed tax on even poor villagers preparing salt. Under Gandhiji's direction hundreds of people courted arrest and tolerated torture while breaking the Salt law at different places.



The Search for An Heir

In the good old days there was a king named Devanath who was highly commended for his good rule. He was ably assisted by his loyal ministers.

The king, however, had one problem. He had three sons, Dhanapal, Rajasekhar and Devadutta who were triplets. Not only they looked alike, but also they seemed to have similar qualities. How to choose the future king from the three?

The king summoned his chief minister, Budhirajan and consulted him on this sensitive problem. Budhirajan thought awhile and whispered something in the king's ears. The king appeared pleased.

Next day, the king called his three sons to his presence. His chief minister sat near him disguised as a Yogi. "My dear boys," the king told his sons, "this Yogi is capable of doing miracles. He has agreed to grant you a boon each. You should ask him for the fulfilment of your heart's desire."

"In return for a reward of course," said the disguised minister.

Dhanapal stepped forward and said, "Please grant that I appear to everyone as the smartest and the most handsome man in the land."

"Will you give me a small part of your kingdom in return?"

asked the minister.

"Most certainly," replied Dhanapal without hesitation.

Now Rajasekhar stepped forward. "I do not care whether I appear good in others' eyes or not. But please grant that I will actually be good in all respects." He also agreed to give the minister a small part of the kingdom in return for the boon.

The minister now turned to Devadutta who was observing them keenly. "What is your desire?" he asked. Devadutta looked straight back at him and replied, "My desire is to be actually good as well as to be known as good. But I believe in achieving this by actually striv-

ing for it sincerely and not through a miracle. Nor, O Yogi, do I have the right to promise you a part of the kingdom, for I am not the king!"

The minister and the king nodded in appreciation of his answer. They were told that they could leave.

"My lord, I hope you know who should be chosen to succeed you as the king!" the minister said in the process of removing his false beard.

"Yes, yes, I know. Thank you!" said the king.

—V.R. Shankar

(Winner of the 1st Prize in the contest announced in our February issue)





Unsolved Mysteries

A Dream For Two

In the year 1924 the United States of America was a far cry from the U.S.A. of today. The rapid process of industrialisation and mechanisation that altered the face of the country had not yet set in.

It was morning over the West Frankfort area of the State of Illinois. The Old Ben was one of those mines that hummed with activities. There were several cages ready to be lowered into the pit.

"Last night I had a"

Bob Shipp, the mine superintendent was rudely interrupted in his talk to his assistant when an official of the company, Ros-

co Harris, came running to him and shouted, hard troubled for breath, "Mr. Shipp, is the third cage going to be lowered?"

"Yes, in a few minutes!"

"Mr. Shipp, please listen to me. Order suspension of work with that cage for today," said Harris.

"Why?" asked Bob Shipp, surprised.

"Why?" Harris did not know how to answer him. He lowered his voice and stammered out, "I dreamt that the third cage with 29 workers in it was crashing. I could hear their cries."

Harris was embarrassed, ready to take rebuke from Bob Shipp who always laughed at superstitions.

But, to his great relief, Shipp said, "Let us see!"

Both hurried to the site. The third cage was about to be lowered.

"Stop!" ordered Shipp. "Fix the safety chains to the cage."

While the chain was being fixed, they counted the number

of workers inside it. "Harris," whispered Shipp, "They are twentyfive and not twentynine."

He had just said this when four more workers rushed into the cage. The two looked at each other meaningfully.

The workers were swearing; they did not like the fuss and the delay. As soon as the safety chains were fastened, the cage was lowered.

The next minute there was a terrific cracking sound followed by cries of panic.

Shipp and Harris ran to the opening. The main chain had broken, but the safety chains kept the cage suspended. The 29 workers could be hauled up with

some difficulty.

"This was exactly the cry I had heard in my dream."

"How nice it was that you paid heed to my premonition!" Harris told Shipp, tears drizzling in his eyes.

Shipp nodded. "My dear friend," he said, "Do you think I was the sort of man to respect such things? What is strange, I had dreamt the same dream last night. I was going to narrate it to my assistant when you rushed in. I would not have acted on my dream alone, which I was going to describe as silly. But, thank God, you took your dream so seriously!"





An Unusual Test

In a forest in the kingdom of Koshala lived a famous sage named Vimalananda. He had founded an ideal school. There were able teachers to impart lessons in different subjects, from Yoga to Ayurveda. The school spread over a vast part of the forest along the bank of a river. The students and the teachers lived in the Ashram of the sage.

One day two young men named Sudas and Mohan met the sage. They bowed down to him and said, "We have come from the town with the desire to enroll ourselves as your students."

"All right. But you have to live in the Ashram for some days before we can take a decision. You have to abide by the rules of the Ashram," said the sage. Sudas and Mohan gladly

agreed to the suggestion.

They were shown a hut. A teacher told them what the rules of the Ashram were. Every day they were required to perform some work for the Ashram, like any other inmate of the Ashram.

One morning the two friends were asked to collect fuel for the Ashram kitchen. They went out. Soon they saw a dead tree and felled it. Sudas started chopping its trunk into bits. Mohan was trying to uproot the portion still sticking to the earth.

Suddenly Mohan's attention went over to a handful of glittering coins lying in a hollow. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. Sudas became curious. He came near him and saw the coins. They were of gold!

"Sudas! We are lucky. We



can invest this in a trade and live happily," said Mohan.

"Aren't we here for education?" reminded Sudas.

"What is the need of education once we are wealthy? We can employ a dozen educated men to work for us!"

"Mohan! Don't forget that according to the rules of the Ashram we are not to take away anything valuable we find. We must bring this to the sage's attention," said Sudas.

"We should abide by such rules only if we live in the Ashram. I am not going back to the Ashram. It is for you to decide whether you should fol-

low me or remain here."

Mohan waited for a few minutes. Sudas picked up his axe and started cutting the log again. Mohan left him saying a hurried "Goodbye."

Mohan had to cross the river. He knew that in that season there was no more than ankle-deep water in the river. As he plodded through it, he felt something like a string getting entangled round his right leg. He lifted the leg. To his horror, he saw a snake!

He hurled the snake away with a swift movement of the leg, but saw a little blood oozing out of his ankle. He knew that he had been bitten by the snake.

"Save me, O save me!" he shouted as he climbed onto the bank as fast as he could. Soon his eyes fell on a tribal chieftain. "Is there anyone nearby to cure me of snake-bite?" he asked him anxiously.

"Don't worry. I will cure you, but on condition that you will give me all the money you have with you," said the tribal chieftain.

Mohan's pain was on the increase. He took out some gold coins from his pocket and offered them to the stranger.

"Oh no, you must give me all you have if you wish to live," said the man.

Mohan did not hesitate any more. He emptied his pocket before the chieftain.

The chieftain made him chew a herb. Then he recited a hymn and blowed on Mohan's wound. In a few mintues Mohan's pain was gone. He felt perfectly normal.

The chieftain went away. After some rest Mohan headed towards the Ashram once again.

Soon he met the sage. He saw Sudas being enrolled as a student.

"I understand that you had

left the Ashram. Why are you here again?" the sage asked.

"Kindly let me be here, for I want to learn!"

"No, my son. you are not meant for that. You look upon education only as a means for earning. But you can earn money in a hundred ways. Education is for those who have thirst for knowledge or who want to know what is truth. You do not qualify to become a student here."

"Sir, won't you like to test me?"

The sage smiled and said, "You have already been tested!"





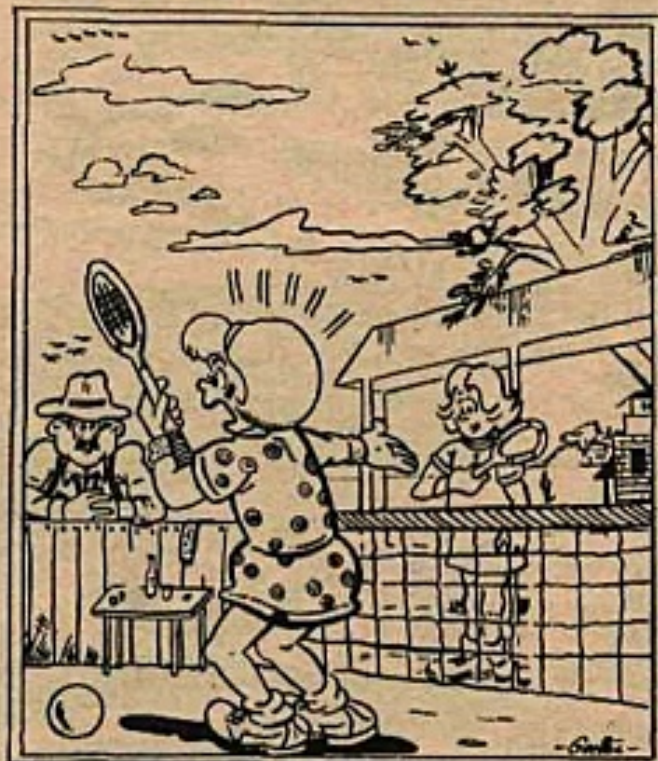
Mohan was leaving the Ashram when he saw the tribal chieftain at some distance. "Does he live here?" he asked an inmate of the Ashram.

"He is the teacher of magic in our school. There must be some reason for his donning the guise

of a tribal chieftain today," replied the inmate.

It became clear to Mohan how he had been tested. He sighed and told himself, "I got money, but I lost it. Had I received education I could not have lost it. How I blundered!"

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



"Never Trust The Monkeys!"

In a certain forest lived a troupe of monkeys quite friendly to men.

In the tribe of forest-dwellers there was a poor man who earned his living by selling crabs. Everyday he went to a rivulet and set his trap in the stream.

One day, try as he can, he could not catch any crab. He was sure that he would starve. As it is, he had no food in the morning.

He bemoaned his fate seated under a tree. Soon sleep overtook him. He sprawled on the grass.

The monkeys were observing him. They came closer to him and removed the cover of his sack and peeped into it. It was empty. They felt deep sympathy for the poor man. They knew where in the stream the crabs had gathered. They carried the sack there and filled it with



crabs and brought it back to the man.

But he was in such a deep slumber that the activities of the monkeys did not disturb him at all.

The sun was about to set. The monkeys thought that it would be dangerous for the man to lie there even after it was dark. Four of them held him by his legs and hands and lifted him. A shorter monkey walked under him supporting his head. Others accompanied them. They carried him across the bridge on the river and left him before his hut. They placed his sack near him.

The poor man opened his eyes just on time to see the monkeys departing. He found his sack full of crabs. Tears came to his eyes thinking of the kindness of the monkeys. He spoke of his experience to whomsoever he met.

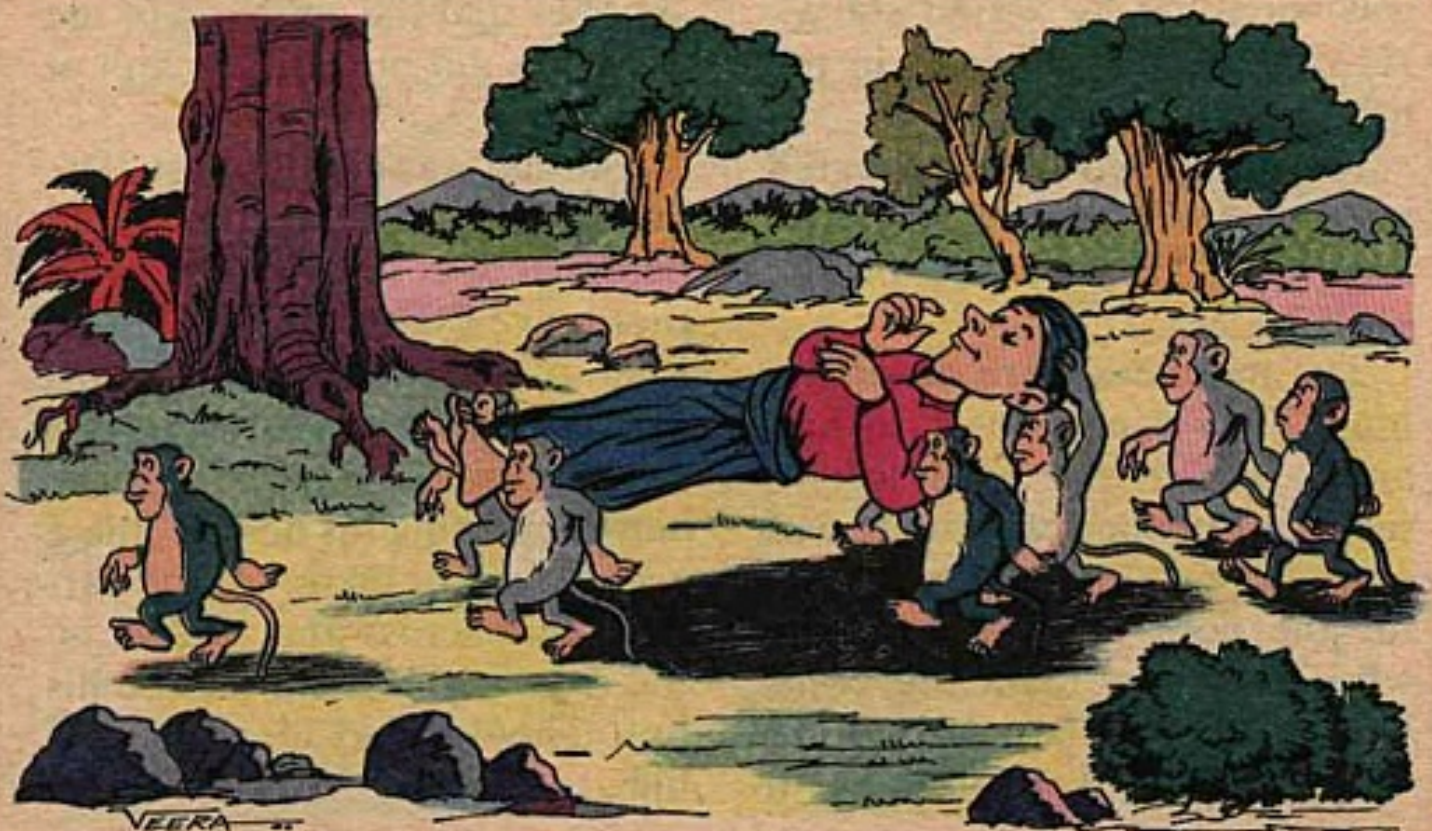
Among those who heard his story was a wealthy man. "It will be nice to make the foolish monkeys work for me," he thought. Next day he went into the forest and pretended to lie asleep with an empty sack near him.

"Here is another chap unable to catch any crab and too tired to remain awake," thought the monkeys. They filled his sack

with crabs and, when it was evening, carried him towards his home.

The wealthy idler enjoyed it very much, keeping his eyes shut all the while. But when the monkeys began crossing the bridge, he felt nervous and shouted, "Be careful lest you slip!"

This sudden outburst panicked the monkeys. They dropped him and scampered back to the forest. The man fell in the stream. He narrowly escaped death when some fishermen rescued him. "Never trust the monkeys!" he said, forgetting that he was not trustworthy himself!



"Your Good-name, Please?"

Grandpa Chowdhury and Reena entered the departmental store for buying a few things. The manager of the store who knew Prof. Chowdhury greeted them.

"What is your good name, please?" the beaming manager asked Reena.

"Good name? Well..."

Reena's hesitation was cut short by the professor who introduced her to the manager as Reena.

"Please take your seat," said the polite manager. "Are you drinking coffee?"

Reena was obviously surprised. She looked around to see if there was a cup of coffee nearby which the gentleman thought that she was drinking. There was none.

"Of course she drinks coffee, but I don't think she will like to drink anything now," the grandpa said.

When the two boarded their car, Reena asked Prof. Chowdhury, "Grandpa, did that gentleman think that I could have a bad name too?"

Grandpa laughed. "In some Indian languages they ask one his or her *Shur nam*. Shur, literally auspicious, is translated as good. This is a part of what is known as the Indian English. The manager asked us to take our seat. An Englishman would say 'Please sit down.' For that matter, we in India also say 'He is not in his seat.' Whereas the correct form is, 'He is not here' or 'He is not in the office.' 'To take coffee also is not quite correct. It should be to drink coffee.'

"And why did the gentleman think that I was taking coffee when there was no coffee at all?"

"That was his way of asking whether you drink coffee or not. What he wanted to know was whether you were in the habit of drinking coffee or not!"

"I see. Thanks. Grandpa!"



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Devidas Kasbekar



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for Sep. '84 goes to:—

C. Antony Peter, B.Sc., Thattil Chettupuzhakkaren,
3 Alikhan St, Alandoor, Madras-600 016.

The Winning Entry:— 'Painful Limitation' & 'Playful Imitation.'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it.

— *Calvin Coolidge.*

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.

— *Charles Caleb Colton.*

Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.

— *Benjamin Disraeli.*